ORLEANS COUNTY MONITOR.

VOL. 10 .-- NO. 23.

BARTON, VERMONT, MONDAY, JUNE 6, 1881.

GEO. H. BLAKE, Publisher.

Orleans County Monitor,

PUBLISHED WREKLY BY GEO. H. BLAKE, BARTON, VT.

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"BE NOT AFRAID."

O'er Galilee's historic wave, Night's sable drapery is thrown; Its dark and troubled waters lave A fisher's vessel, floating lone.

A tempest's breath is whistling nigh; The heavens are shadowed o'er with cloud; The lightnings flash along the sky. And echo back in thunders loud.

The foaming surges wash the shore. And are with fury rudely tost, And O! will not that barque and more. Its crew of gallant souls, be lost? But look ! what means that glorious light

Advancing toward them ?-can it be A moonbeam 'thwart the fitful night? Or "spirit walking on the sea"? The mariners are chained with fear;

But joy! their fears are quick allayed,

As o'er the swelling waves they hear Christ's "It is I, be not afraid"! Sweet, welcome voice, beloved tones, That reach across life's troubled sea, With light and calm and power, at once To fishermen of Galilee!

THE ROBINS. They chose their nook, the bonnie birds. 'Mid the crab-tree's perfumed snow;

And her three blue eggs the brown hen laid In her warm, soft nest 'neath the blossoms' shade; And patience she kept her watch of love. And patience her mate to feed her strove. But it's oh, and it's oh, for the bonnie birds, For a weary wait they had, While the hours danced by 'neath

And the thickets rang where the thrushes sang, And the fields were with cowslips clad. They hatched their eggs, the bonnie birds, By one, by two, by three; And hour by hour each yellow bill Gaped wide for parents' toil to fill:

And the robins, on swift, untiring wing, rended each clamoring nursling. But it's oh, and it's oh, for the bennie birds. For a heavy task was theirs, As from morn's first light to the fall of night Still to and fro on their quest they go,

Nor ever might cease from cares. They tended their young, the bonnie birds, Till the counted weeks wore past, Till the down grew dark upon back and crest, And with chirp and twitter, and preen of feather, The brood hopped out of the nest together.

nd it's oh, and it's oh, for the bonnie birds. Who had watched and worked their day-Worked hour by hour, through sun and shower; or their task was done, and then one by one The fledglings flew away!

"Irene, is it hard for you to bear cool treatment?" "Well, Josephine, that depends. If strawberry ice-cream is the cool treat meant I can stand it with great

"This isn't a menagerie," sharply observed an irascible deacon to a man who was trying to force a passage through the crowd at a church doorway. "No, I presume not," returned the stranger, "or they wouldn't leave any of the animals to block up the entrance.

"Do you want to kill the child?" exclaimed a gentleman, as he saw a boy tip the baby out of its carriage on the walk. "No, not quite," replied the boy; "but if I can get him to bawl loud enough, mother will take care of him while I go and wade in the ditch with Johnny Bracer!"

Josh Billings, in a zoological moment. writes: "The peculiarity of the fly is that he returns to the same spot; but it is the characteristic of the mosquito that he returns to another spot. Thus he differs from the leopard, which does not change its spots. This is an important fact in natural history." The farmer turns the furrow

The farmess works the handle Of the big old-fashioned churn. Their son sorts out the 'taters

For plantin', in the cellar:

Their daughter on the back porch Is talkin' to her feller.

The latest and most refreshing Sabbath school incident happened in a class not a thousand miles from Lewiston. teacher had grown eloquent in picturing to his pupils the beauties of heaven, and he finally asked: "What kind of little boys go to heaven?" A lively little four year old boy, with kicking boots, flourished his fist. "Well, you may answer," said the teacher. "Dead ones!" the little fellow shouted, at the extent of his lungs.

The following is a verbatim copy of composition recently written by a Bucks county, Pa., boy, aged ten years, on the subject of rainy days. "Rainy days are disagreeable and it makes the sisterns full up to the top. Our sistern is so you can dip it out with a tin cup and makes the river rise. Sometimes it rises about ten inches and men go to sales and get cold and sometimes get very bad and their husbands have to go for the doctor and the doctor sometimes does not do them any good and they get bedfast and have

to get a hiard girl." Elder Traverse, who lately died at Buffalo, was formerly the most noted camp-MYSTIC

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Money returned if not satisfactory. Liberal terms to agents. 40 pretty cards given with each sweeper—will send cards for 15c. Also, Wringer & Folding Wash Bench combined —a superior article. Sold on installments. Favorable terms to dealers and agents. E. B.

Best in the world for \$3.00.

meeting leader in eastern New York. At one time a notorious bully, "Chicago Bob," interrupted the congregation while singing by crowing. "Sit down, Robert," said Traverse. "Chicago Bob sits down for no one," growled the bully. "Sit down Bob's to dealers and agents. E. B. Robert," once more said the elder. Bob's reply was a movement to throw off his coat. The elder dealt him blow after blow until he retired discomfited. Next day Bob appeared among the repentant sinners. "Are you in earnest, Robert?" mildly inquired the elder. "I am." "Really seeking faith?" "You bet! If faith helps a man get in his work as quick as you did yesterday I'm bound to have it if

> I sell my hat." Itching Piles-Symptoms and Cure. The symptoms are moisture, like perspiration, intense itching, increased by scratching, very distressing, particularly at night, as if pin worms were crawling in and about the rectum: the private parts are sometimes affected; if allowed to continue very serious results may follow. "DR. SWAYNE'S ALL-HEALING OINTMENT" is a pleasant sure cure. Also for tetter, itch, salt rheum, scald head, erysipelas, barber's itch, blotches, all scaly, crusty, cutaneous eruptions. Price 50 cents. 3 boxes for \$1.25. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price in currency, or three cent postage stamps. Prepared only by Dr. Swayne & Son, 330 North Sixth St., Philadelphia, Pa., to whom letters should be addressed. Sold by all prominent

"To Let---Kipple Grange." riot, sprawling across the grass-grown

one so persistently, unalterably, persebooks as a "Desirable Country Residence after year it had hung hopelessly on his

Nor was Mr. Pixley the only real-estate agent who had wrestled, so to speak, with Kipple Grange. Other land-brokers and rent-collectors had had their results. It had been advertised in news-To Let."

ley vehemently scratching his bald head. "I wish it would burn down, or blow away, or something! It is a disgrace to a business man to keep such an eyesore on his list. I've a great mind to put old Miss Briggs into it, to keep it in order till I can get a better tenant. She

Kipple Grange for nothing." So when Miss Briggs came tiptoeing | hill is an idyl in itself." into the real-estate office-a faded, melancholy little old maid, leading her terrier dog by its string, and wearing a green veil to neutralize the spring winds -Mr. Pixley told her that Kipple Grange should be hers, for the present, at least. "You'll very probably find it lonely,"

"I dote on the country," said Miss

"And very much out of repair." he "I don't doubt but that it will do for

me," said the little old spinster, her fa-

ded eyes brightening. "Probably, also there's a ghost about the premises," jocosely uttered the agent. Miss Briggs shook her head with sad smile. "It's live people I'm afraid

of." said she, "not dead ones." "Well," said Mr. Pixley, "Kipple Grange shall be yours this quarter, if you'll fix up the garden a little, and give the place a lived-in sort of look. Of course it will be for sale, and I shall expect you to do your best for our inter-

And Miss Briggs courtesied, and said 'Yes, I will," and withdrew, greatly elated in spirit.

Upon the same day, the 25 of April, Mr. Beggarall, the real-estate agent of Dorchester, let Kipple Grange to old Mr. Hyde, who was a naturalist and a botanist and an entomologist, to say nothing of half a dozen other ists, and who wanted a quiet country home, with woods and meadows in its vicinity, so as to prosecute his beloved sciences. And MacPherson & Co., of Long Island, made a bargain with the Rev. Mr. Bellairs, an invalid clergyman, who was in search of country air and complete repose. Mrs. Bellairs was a pattern housekeeper, and gloried in the prospect of grass-bleaching, new-laid eggs, wild raspberries, and plenty of plums and

apricots for preserving purposes. And, strangely enough it never occurred to any of the three real-estate agents to let the other two know of his action. "There is never any demand for Kip-

ple Grange," said MacPherson & Co., "I'll write to Pixley and old Mac

when I get time,"said Beggarall. "There's no hurry about Kipple Grange," thought Pixley. "If Miss Briggs keeps it from tumbling to pieces.

she will do very well." Meanwhile Mrs. Kipple herself, the plump widow whose grandfather on her husband's side had bequeathed her this impracticable piece of property, began to think of running down to look at it wet and go home and their wives take herself. "They tell me there's no such thing as letting it," said she. "I've a mind to go down and see for myself. One really pines for the country, now that they are selling lilac blossoms and pansies in the streets; and I'm quite sure that a change of air would do me meeting leader in eastern New York. At good. I'll take Dorcas, my maid, and a few cans of peaches and sardines, and

> the fun of the thing." "It never rains but it pours," saith the ancient proverb; so upon this windy blooming April day, when the sunny meadow slopes were purpled all over with wild violets, and the yellow narcissus was shaking its golden tassels over the neglected borders of Kipple Grange, the old brick house, which had stood empty for six good years at least, became all of a sudden alive.

It was an ancient mildewed structure on the edge of a wood, an old red house whose front garden, tangled over with rose-briers, and grown with the fantastic trunks of mossy pear-trees, and apples that leaned almost to the ground. sloped down to the bank of a merry little rivulet. Here the tiger lilies lifted their scarlet turbans in the July sunshine, and the clumps of velvety sweet- stopped barking, and the three boys inwilliams blossomed first and sweetest. stinctively retired behind the starch Great cream-hearted roses swung against the tumble-down stone wall, and love-ina-mist, London-pride, and all those rare ple, surveying them through her eye-47ly old-fashioned flowers our ancestors ran glass. "And how came you to be here?" | See advertisement.

paths, and packing themselves into the Mr. Pixley was a real estate agent. angles of the fence, where the honey-

Mr. Pixley had a goodly number of suckles trailed, and the scarlet poppies houses on his list in his time, but never looked like drops of blood. The old veringly on his list as Kipple Grange. | ticultural show gone mad at midsummer. | Miss Briggs' fire, and stood there, close-Year after year it had figured on his And even now it was sweet with tufts ly hugging his flat traveling case. of crocus, blue-velvet iris and daffodils, to be had on Reasonable Terms;" year | while at the rear rose up the silent hemlock wood, still and scented and emerald | because the house wasn't rented at all." green in the twilight.

band-box, and her poor little hair trunks studded with brass nails, had got there early. She had opened the windows to "try" at it, with equally unsatisfactory let in the yellow glow of the April sun- rier. set, kindled a fire with straight sticks papers, and pasted up on bulletin-boards on the deep-tiled hearth, and was sitand still it remained "Kipple Grange- | ting on a starch box turned upside down drinking cold tea, and feeding her dog "Hang the old place!" said Mr. Pix- with occasional scraps of corned beef and baker's bread.

"It seems rather lonely here" said the little old spinster to herself, "and the us all live here together." rooms are very large and dreary-looking, but I dare say that I can hire a little furniture in the village, and the garden is really superb. I never saw such tuwants a place cheap. I'll let her have lip roots in my life. And the little brook twinkling at the bottom of the

Miss Briggs, who had a great deal of poetry in her starved soul, set down the an, and reached over to look out of the window at the golden western sky. "So quiet, too;" said she, "so seclud-

But, to her amazement, even as she looked, she perceived the figure of a stout old gentleman, bald and spectacled case under his arm, who was picking his way among the rose-briers that lay prone across the path, stopping here and there to examine the growth of silver-

green house-leeks on the garden wall. Miss Briggs, who was somewhat nearsighted, jumped at once to the conclusion that this interloper was a tramp She hurled a tin can recklessly down into the current bushes.

"Go away !" she cried.

on my premises ?"

Mr. Hyde peered upward with one hand back of his ear. "Eh?" said he. "Or I'll set the dog on you," squeaked Miss Briggs, encouraged by the shrill bark of the terrier. "Woman," said the scientist, "who

"I'll let you know," said Miss Briggs, waxing more and more excited in her indignation. "How dare you trespass

"How dare you trespass on mine?" retorted the old gentleman curtly. "He's a madman," thought Miss Briggs; and she remembered with a thrill of terror that there was no key to the front door, and the bolt was rusted

in two pieces. At the same moment the sound of whooping voices was heard through the the house." wide, echoing halls, and three chubby lads rushed hilariously in, tumbling over | tion salubrious?"

one another as they came. "Hurrah!" they shouted, "hurrah! Ain't this a jolly old cavern of a house! My! here's a fire! and here's an old | don't you stay here?" woman !"

"Boys," said she, severely, "what are

"Why," said Master Bruce Bellairs, ætat eleven, "it's our house. And pa and ma are helping unpack the cart at and Johnny's got a brood of Brahma chickens in a basket, and Pierre has got a monkey."

"But boys," said Miss Briggs, with a little hysterical gasp, "this is my house." "No, it ain't," said the three Master Bellairs in chorus; "it's ours. We've rented it for a year, and pa and ma are unpacking down stairs."

"Is that your pa?" said Miss Briggs, Bazar. with a sudden inspiration, as she pointed to the old gentleman in the garden, who stood stock-still, like the Egyptian

"No," said Pierre. "Nothing of the sort," said Johnny. "Our pa ain't such a guy as that,"

chuckled Bruce. "I think I must be asleep and dreaming," said Miss Briggs, as the de we'll picnic at Kipple Grange, just for opened, and a stout, blooming matron entered upon the scene, with a kerosene lamp in one hand and a basket of care fully packed china in the other, while from her finger depended a bird-cage.

> Bellairs, "I suppose you have come to see about a situation. If you can bring good references as to character-" "You are entirely mistaken, madam, said Miss Briggs with energy. "I am

here because-"

"My good woman," said the Rev. Mrs.

But at that moment, Mrs. Kipple herself, accompanied by Dorcas, her maid. entered the room. She was a tall, handsome woman, dressed in elegant mourning, and she used an eyeglass when she talked, and somehow she seemed to take up a good deal more room than anyone else. Mrs. Bellairs set down the lamp | who understood the perversity of boy naand the bird-cage, Miss Briggs' terrier

"Who are you all?" said Mrs. Kip-

"I have taken this house," said Miss Briggs, with dignity.

"So have we" said Mrs. Bellairs. "So have I." declared the bald-headed old gentleman, who had by this time garden of Kipple Grange was like a hor- made his way np into the ruby light of

"Dear me," said Mrs Kipple; "this is very singular. And I have come here And then ensued a general chorus of Miss Briggs, with her terrier dog, her explanations, laugher, and deprecations, whose general effect was heightened by a single combat between Master Pierre Bellair's monkey and Miss Briggs' ter-

> "What are we to do?" said Miss Briggs, plaintively looking at her hair trunks studded with brass nails.

"Do?" said Mrs. Kipple, briskly,-"why there is but one thing to do, that I see; the house is big enough for us, and half a dozen families to boot. Let

"I am sure I have no objection at all," said Mrs. Bellairs.

"Neither have I," said the old gentleman, setting down his flat travelling case with a sigh of relief.

"Birds in their little nests agree," quoted Mr. Bellairs, who had by this time entered upon the scene with a joint of bedstead balanced across his shoulder. "And it seems to me as if we might do the same thing."

So Kipple Grange was let, and good, earnest Mrs. Kipple and Dorcas established themselves in two sunny rooms giving to the south, where the apple boughs brushed against the lozengeshaped panes of the casement. Bellairs family settled down all over the rest of the first floor, in a miscellaneous, cosmopolitan sort of way, mixing up old china, birds, sermon-paper, patchwork and theology in a manner which amazed the precise soul of gentle Miss Briggs. The scientific man perched himself on the top floor, where he could have a good outlook with his telescope, and set up his cases of specimens without let or hindrance. And Miss Briggs herself made a home-like little home on the second floor, and devoted her whole energy -and not without some degree of success-to keeping the piece between Nip,

and terrier and Chico, the monkey. Mrs. Kipple, however, got tired of rural felicity, and returned to the city in the autumn.

Mr. Bellairs received a call to a Delaware parish, where peaches were thicker than blackberries, and he accepted it "What shall we do now?" said Miss

Briggs, who was disposed to take a tim-Mr. Hyde pushed his spectrcles onto

the house?" he asked. "Yes," Miss Briggs admitted, "I like himself. "And don't you consider the situa-

"Certainly." "Then," said Mr. Hyde, looking at the edge of his geological hammer, "why

"What, all alone?" said Miss Briggs. "No," said the scientific gentleman, "Good gracious," said Miss Briggs. "We both like the place," said Mr.

Hyde, "we like the situation and we the south door. And I've got a redbird like each other. Why shouldn't we settle down here for life.' "But I have never thought of such a thing," said Miss Briggs, in trepidation. "Think of it now," said Mr. Hyde in accents of scientific persuasion, as he

laid down his hammer and took her

black-mittened hand tenderly in his. And Mr. Bellairs married them before he went away, and Kipple Grange has never been "to let" since. - Harper's Clay ever lugged an old bedstean all William H. Robertson, the new collecor of New York, was born at Bedford. Westchester county, October 10, 1823, and was educated at the Union Academy in that place. He studied at the bar,

and was admitted in 1847. He was member of the assembly in 1849 and 1850, of the state senate in 1854, 1855 and from 1872 continuosly to the present time, From 1874 to date he has acted as president pro tem. of that body. He was county Judge of Westchester county twelve years; presidential elector in 1860; representative in the fortieth congress; delegate to the national conventions in 1864, 1876 and 1880, and delegate to whig and republican state canvention for years; he was a member of the republican state committee for ten successive years. In 1876 Williams College conferred the degree of LL.D. upon him. A West End father urged his boy ei-

ther to be a clown in a circus, a canal boat captain, a fireman, a railroad engineer, a pirate or an Indian fighter, and the boy at once decided to study for the ministry, which was what the old man, PONDER ON THESE TRUTHS .- Torpid kidneys, and constinuted bowels, are the great causes of chronic

diseases. Kidgey-Wort has cured thousands. Try it and you will add one more to their number. Habitus costiveness afflicts millions of the American people. Kidney-Wort will cure it. Kidney Wort has cured white buds, quietly folded in coffined kidney complaints of thirty years standing. Try it.

WHAT WE OWE TO POOR CHILDREN.

The world owes some of its richest treasures to those who were deemed unfortunate in youth, and who looked to others at that unsheltered period for pity, protection and help.

Our country was discovered by Colum-

bus. He was a hard-worked boy and often knew the need of sufficient food. We owe our freedom of religion which has made our institutions what they are to Luther. The Reformer once sung ballads in the streets to procure the means of an education. Our advances in science started with Franklin; yet the inventor ate his penny roll in the city of Philadelphia when a lad, and knew what it was to feel all alone it the world. We owe the beginnings of our cotton mills to Sir Richard Arkwright. He was the youngest of a poor family of thirteen children, and his father was a barber. The curse of slavery was removed from our land by the penstroke of Abraham Lincoln. He ate the bread of hardship in childhood, and went as poorly clad as the humbles child in the streets of any country villiage to-day. The President of the United States was once a poor hard-working, friendless boy.

The greatest missionary of the century was Dr. Livingstone. He learned Latin from a book on his loom while at work, and he once said proudly on completing his education, "I never had a dollar

that I did not earn." Professor Heyne, one of the greatest scholars that Germany or the world ever produced, was a penniless child. 'Want," said he, "was the companion of my child-hood, I well remember my mother's distress, when without food for her children. I have seen her on Saturday evening, weeping, and wringing her hands as she returned home having been unable to sell the goods that my father had made." A kind family helped him in his distress at school, and in so doing honored themselves and thier country in a way of which they did not dream. Some forty years ago, there lived in

one of the country towns of New York. a slender little factory girl. She speaks of her early recollections of "noise and filth, bleeding hands, sore feet, and a very sad heart." She says, "I used often to rise at two o'clock in the morning, and do the washing for the family." She found friends. That girl was Emily Chubbuck Judson. He who protects and educates friendless children, makes the best contribution

to the future that the human resource

can find. He builds himself a monu-

ment, not in marble, but in influence. Lips will call him blessed, when the moss the top of his head. "Don't you like is filling the letters of his cenotaph. He lives for ends that do not terminate in

> NO CHANCE FOR HIM. He was coming down John R. street with a "crick" in his back, a wobble in his knees and a thumb tied up in a rag. Perspiration had wilted his collar and made his flannel crawl up, and each knee carried the marks of dust. At Miami avenue he halted a pedestrian, got his aching back against the lamp-

post, and asked "Sir, do you suppose George Wash ington ever fell down stairs with a bureau after and on top of him?"

"I don't think so."

"Did Daniel Webster ever turn an old ingrain carpet t'other side up, and haul it around, and pull his blamed arms off, and pound his thumb to a mash in tacking it down?" "I never heard that he did."

"And, sir, do you believe that Henry

paint, and lifted stoves until his eyes stuck out like lemons on a Horace Greeley hat?"

over the house, daubed around with

"I never heard that Henry was any "No, of course you didn't, and yet you and the rest of the world wonder why l don't get up and perorate and philoso- than a little. phize and theorize and thunder around like an earthquake. Look at me! Feel of me! Go ache as I ache, wilt as I wilt, and then tell me if there is any earthly chance for a man of moderate means in this world for securing the laurels of fame. Yes, sir, and even now I am on my way down town to buy a whitewash brush, two pounds of putty. a peck of lime and four more papers of tacks .- Detroit Free Press.

BABY IS DEAD!

world to some circumstance and the oth-"Baby is dead !" Three little words passing along the line, copied somewhere and soon forgotten. But after all was quiet again I leaned my head upon my hand and fell into a deep reverie of some of them himself. all that those words may mean.

Somewhere-a dainty form, still and

cold, unclasped by mother's arms tonight. Eyes that yesterday were bright and blue as skies of June dropped tonight beneath white lids that no voice can ever raise again. Two soft hands whose roseleaf fingers

were wont to wander lovingly around mother's neck and face, loosely holding

Soft lips, yesterday rippling with laughter, sweet as woodland brook falls, gay as the trill of the forest bird, tonight unresponsive to kiss or call of

A silent home-the patter of baby feet forever hushed-a cradle bed unpressed. Little shoes half-worn-dainty garments-shoulder knots of blue to match those eyes of yesterday folded with aching heart away.

A tiny mound snow-covered in some

quiet graveyard. A mother's groping touch, in uneasy slumber, for the fair head that shall never rest upon her bosom. The low sob, the bitter tear, as broken dreams awake to sad reality. The hopes of future years wrecked, life fair ships

that suddenly go down in sight of land. The watching of other babies, dimpled, laughing, strong, and this one gone! The present agony of grief, the future emptiness of heart, all held in those three little words, "Baby is dead !"

Indeed, it is well that we can copy and soon forget the words so freighted with woe to those who receive and send them. And yet it cannot harm us now and then to give a tender thought to those whom our careless pen-stroke is preparing such a weight of grief .- Telegraph Operator.

GARFIELD TELLS "A LITTLE STORY."

In 1875, when the democrats organized the House of Representatives for the first time after the war, there was a general clearing out of old clerks to make places for the friends of democratic congressmen. Two old attaches of the House, who had held their places through many administrations, Mr. Barclay, the journal clerk, and Dr. Mahaffy one of the reading clerks, supposed that Congress could not get along without them, and that they were not therefore, in any danger of removal. Sitting in their arm-chairs in their office, Gen. Garfield said, as they blew the smoke from their cigars, they congratulated each other; "Well, it is to be expected that these poor devils of under clerks would lose thair places, but we are solid. Adams, the new clerk of the House, will never be fool enough to turn us out." But one day, as unexpectedly as a thunder from a clear sky, came the announcement that even Barclay and Mahaffy had been removed. Both men immediately put on their hats and went over to Sanderson's in search of liquid consolation. They drank confusion to Clerk Adams and the whole democratic party, and they cluckled and laughed as they called up in imagination the inextricable tangle into which the business of the House would get as soon as they left their desks; and finally, when they were pretty full, they started back to the capitol arm in arm. As they beat up against the wind across the piazza, Dr. Mahaffy burst out into an immoderate laugh. "I shay, Barclay," said he (hic), "won't it be a good joke when they come (hic) to us on their bended knees and beg us to come back and straighten things out?" Just then Barclay, who didn't seem to appreciate the joke very much, stopped, straightened himself up, and, pointing at the goddess of Liberty on the dome of the capitol, as he shook his infirm finger at it, said: "D'ye see her (hic), Mahaffy? She totters! she totters!" Well, Barclay and Mahaffy have almost been forgotten at the capitol, but the goddess of Liberty still stands at the

top of the dome. - Providence Press.

UNCLE ESEK'S WISDOM. He who works and waits, wins. A thoroughly neat woman is never an

If there were no listeners there would be no flatterers. Common sense is the gift of heaven; enough of it is genius.

stop the former you must weed out the latter. If contentment is happiness, it is better to be contented with a good deal

Crime is the outgrowth of vice; to

man are too weak and ridiculous to be The man who has no foolishness in his nature probably has something worse

The vanities and ambitions of an old

in place of it. There is a kind of honesty that is nothing but fear, and a sort of patience that is nothing but laziness. We owe one-half our success in this

er half to taking circumstance on the A cunning man is often shrewd but seldom wise. He sets so many traps for others that he generally gets into

Ceremonies and bills of fare seem to be necessary. Many people would not know how to act without the one nor what to eat without the other.

Coquetry is more natural to woman

than prudery. A woman seldom out-

lives all her coquetry, and never becomes

a prude until she is obliged to .- Scrib-Diphtheria poisons the blood. Convales-

cents should take Hood's Sarsaparilla to neutralize and eradicate the poison matter.

all business hours, ready to attend to the duties of his profession. All work warranted. Consultation free. Gas and Ether administered for the painless extraction of teeth. Naboli used to prevent pain in filling teeth.

o Boarding place at Mrs. M. E. Jones.
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